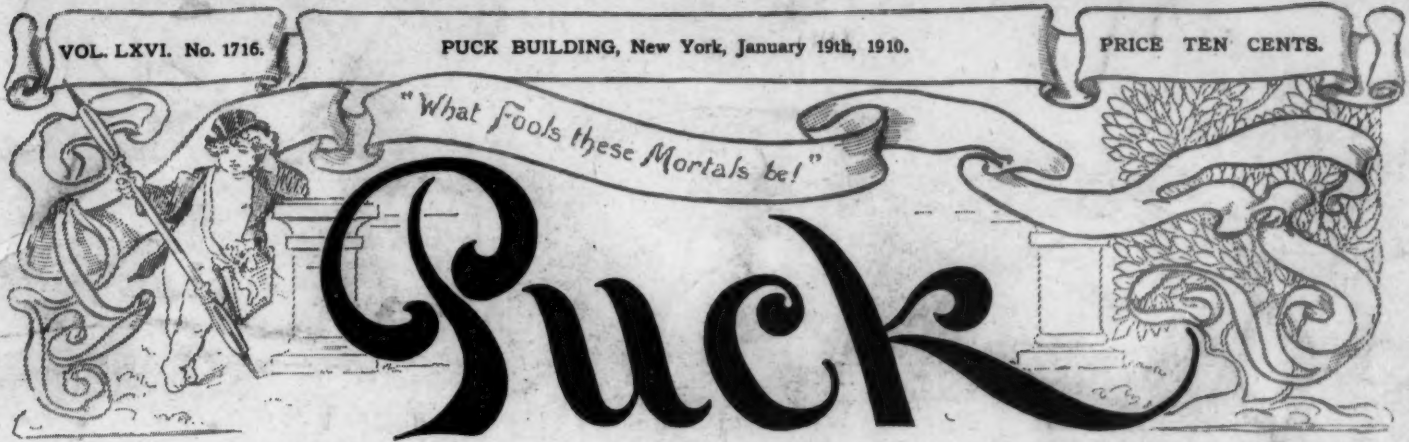


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PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 19th, 1910.

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THE PUCK PRESS

PINCHOT'S INFERNO.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

"THIS fight must go on, and you are the men who must carry it on. Stay by the work; hold fast to the standards we have set together. Never allow yourselves to forget that you are serving a much greater master than the Department of Agriculture, or even the Administration. You are serving the people of the United States."—Gifford Pinchot to the Foresters.

President TAFT dismissed Mr. PINCHOT, not because of any question of the latter's ability as an expert servant of the people, but because of certain acts of PINCHOT's, bearing on the controversy with BALLINGER, that have been generally classed as insubordination. Mr. PINCHOT for years has served, unselfishly and ably, "a much greater master than the Department of Agriculture." Experienced in forestry and familiar with the forest conditions, he gained as friends and supporters all those who object to the stripping of our mountain sides, to the ruin of our soil for farming purposes, to the dwindling of the streams that feed our rivers, and to the waste generally of our natural resources. He gained as enemies, and bitter ones, all those who would let the future go hang so long as the present gain was good; who would and do steal, with expert legal aid, rich public lands; and who have no use for the people of the United States save as victims of their own insatiable greed. President TAFT took a big job on his hands when he tried to convince the West that NELSON W. ALDRICH was a devoted public servant, but he has taken on a still bigger job if he expects to persuade the country that GIFFORD PINCHOT is not.

WITH an administration predisposed to economy in New York City, we may reasonably expect that the prices of municipal supplies will come down. Dust-brushes that you can get anywhere for 19 cents will no longer cost the city, we presume, over a dollar apiece. Millions of dollars are spent every year by the city for supplies—and a choice chunk of it of late has been graft, according to the Inspection Division of the Department of Finance. Many "bad and wicked" Tammany officials have participated in this graft of the

past, their position as purchasers for the city giving them ideal opportunities, and we have seen them called down savagely for their perfidy very often. But we don't recollect having seen ever in print the names of the persons who sold at such prices supplies to the city, and who also must have participated in the graft. How do these gentlemen feel toward the new administration? As good citizens, do they "rejoice at the downfall of Tammany"? Or, as practical business men, will they yearn for the days when ten-cent disinfectant may again be sold to the city for \$1.50 a gallon, and five-cent tin dippers for seventeen cents?

It occurs to us that on the Grand Jury now investigating white slavery, its causes and preventions, there should be some of the men who pay women six dollars a week for working in the department stores. Also that the newspapers should suggest this. Also that they will do nothing of the kind, for excellent reasons.



THE RETURN FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

"Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, . . . and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine."—MATT. xxv. 24, 25.

PUCK

THE GROUCH OF JOHN.



O H, John he had a grievance,
A very special kind,
So closely and completely
It occupied his mind
That with his other interests
It could not be combined.

It seemed to him important
That every one should know
The harrowing circumstances
Attending it, and so
He spent much time endeavoring
Its specialties to show.

There was no doubt whatever
About its being true,
He had good cause for grievance
As all his neighbors knew.
They said such blank injustice
Gave them a grievance too.

They were most sympathetic
And tactful, don't you know,
And showed their friendly feeling
Expansively when lo,
That very special grievance
It started in to grow.

Like Burbank's weird creations,
They tell about of late,
It grew *accelerando*
At such a rapid rate
It got beyond all reason,
I must regret to state.

You may not quite believe it,
And yet 't is really true,
Into that special grievance—
Which grew and grew and grew—
John was incorporated
And disappeared from view.

And nothing but a Grievance
Now occupies his place,
Voracious, circumstantial,
Much swollen in the face.
Of John the Instigator
You cannot find a trace!

The story sounds appalling,
But yet it is a fact;
It might have been avoided—
At least the final act—
If only John's advisers
Had not had so much tact.

Helen A. Saxon.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

THEY'VE BEEN ENGAGED ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, SO THE WINGS
HAVEN'T WORN OFF YET.



MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

LUSHINGTON (time 3 A.M.)—Where the deush ha' my matches
gone? Shwear I had a lot of 'em right here in my vesht pocket not
fi' minutes 'go!

SAFE AND SANE.

MEDIOCRITY, because democracy makes it the fountain of accepted
belief, may be what it will, and it elects to be all that is good
and beautiful. In the opinion of four cylinders, six cylinders are
inevitably madness, and that disposes of
Genius at once.

The world trusts Genius to crack its
jokes and sing its songs, but not to marry
its daughters or go on the road to sell
its goods.

Genius has all along put truth
above consistency, and now it is say-
ing there's a category even higher
than truth. Pragmatism, some
call it. That shows where so-
ciety would be landed, only
for the saving sanity which is
Mediocrity.

NATURE.

LOTTIE.—Do you have
fine sunsets at your
country place?

HATTIE.—Oh, glorious!
Last night there was a regu-
lar Tiffany setting!

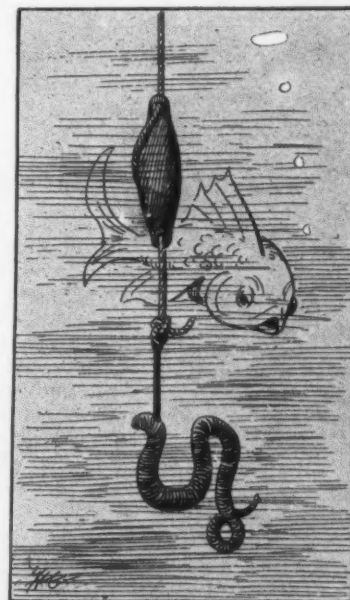
DRAWBACK.

THE Alpine guide waxed
eloquent.

"Behold," he cried, "yon
beetling crags!"

"They beetle for every-
body, though!" sneered the
rich American, and sullenly spat
in token of his discontent. It was not true, however,
that he lacked appreciation of the beautiful and the
sublime, provided these were costly and exclusive.

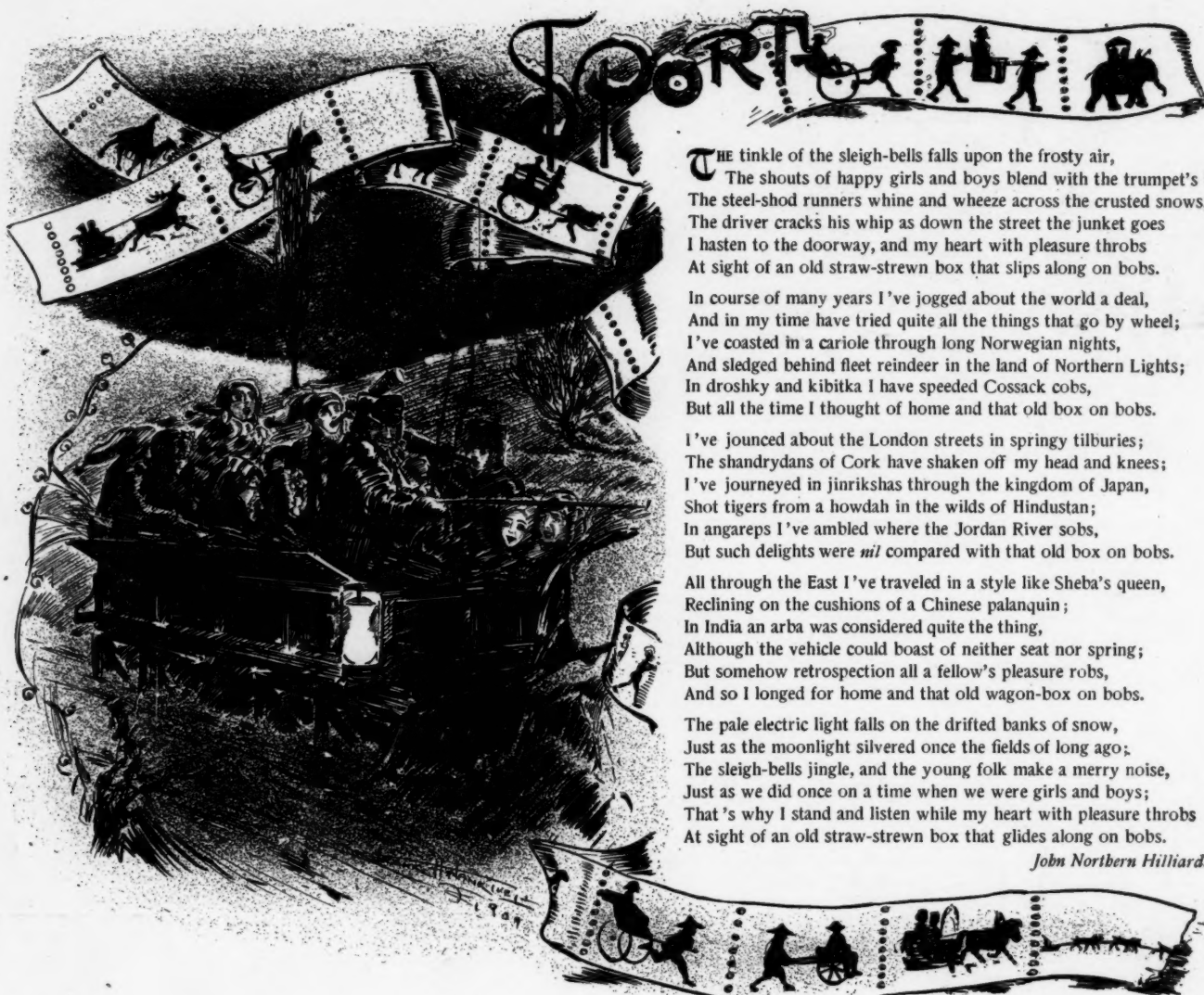
IF you do not use good English, rejoice. People will
take you for a practical man.



THE HOOK-WORM.

A VARIETY THAT HAS CAUSED
A LARGE NUMBER OF
FATALITIES.

Slander consists largely in calling the wrong man by his right name.



THE tinkle of the sleigh-bells falls upon the frosty air,
The shouts of happy girls and boys blend with the trumpet's blare;
The steel-shod runners whine and wheeze across the crusted snows,
The driver cracks his whip as down the street the junket goes
I hasten to the doorway, and my heart with pleasure throbs
At sight of an old straw-strewn box that slips along on bobs.

In course of many years I've jogged about the world a deal,
And in my time have tried quite all the things that go by wheel;
I've coasted in a cariole through long Norwegian nights,
And sledged behind fleet reindeer in the land of Northern Lights;
In droshky and kibitka I have speeded Cossack cobs,
But all the time I thought of home and that old box on bobs.

I've jounced about the London streets in springy tilburies;
The shandryduns of Cork have shaken off my head and knees;
I've journeyed in jinrikshas through the kingdom of Japan,
Shot tigers from a howdah in the wilds of Hindustan;
In angareps I've ambled where the Jordan River sobs,
But such delights were *nil* compared with that old box on bobs.

All through the East I've traveled in a style like Sheba's queen,
Reclining on the cushions of a Chinese palanquin;
In India an arba was considered quite the thing,
Although the vehicle could boast of neither seat nor spring;
But somehow retrospection all a fellow's pleasure robs,
And so I longed for home and that old wagon-box on bobs.

The pale electric light falls on the drifted banks of snow,
Just as the moonlight silvered once the fields of long ago;
The sleigh-bells jingle, and the young folk make a merry noise,
Just as we did once on a time when we were girls and boys;
That's why I stand and listen while my heart with pleasure throbs
At sight of an old straw-strewn box that glides along on bobs.

John Northern Hilliard.

BECOME AN ASTROLOGER.



CERTAIN of us, used to paying out large sums of money every year for fresh predictions at the hands of the astrologers can, by following the simple methods herein suggested, save the money, dispense with the factory-produced article, and get a hand-made forecast better suited to our individual needs. In fact, after a man has written down his own prophecies a few times he will accept no substitute.

A careful study of the twentieth-century type of prophecy has taught me some things about the art which I am perfectly willing to divulge, the more so as I am beginning to believe that whoever said "whether there be prophecy it shall fail" had an intimate acquaintance with the matter. At least all modern prophecy fails, and that is its best part. If it did not fail—good heavens! every crime would be foreseen and nipped in the bud, marriages would be frost-bitten before the courting began, nobody would corner the market because everybody would be apprised of the intent, and there would be the mischief to pay generally. So let us take the gift of prophecy as it stands—weak, fragile, and feminine—and rejoice in its foibles. Here are a few of them:

To be truly successful a prediction for any coming year should combine in a tasty *mélange* due proportions of the probable and improbable—say 'alf and 'alf, or even more than that. The likely things will make people have faith in you and make you have faith in yourself, and the others will make the prediction interesting, even if not strictly reliable. In the class of probabilities let us appropriate a few bromidioms, just as the professionals do, and prognosticate a little cool weather for January—oleanders left out of doors will surely be damaged—and a long dry spell for July and August. Mysterious readings on government seismographs may be looked for in January, too, caused by the falling of weak-willed men from

the water-wagon upon the vitrified brick pavement. February will be a short month, and corn planted at this time will take its life in its hands. Keep your rubbers handy. About the 22d of the month look for eruptions from college professors discovering questionable incidents in George Washington's career. Continue this process of subtle prevision for the rest of the months of the year. It is absurdly easy.

There is no limit to the things that can be said in the Interesting but Improbable class. To start the amateur off, let us suggest Mr. Jerome of New York becoming active in the Anti-Cigarette League, Mayor Busse of Chicago leading a class of the Y. M. C. A., Frank Heney of San Francisco as a delegate to a peace congress, King Alfonso giving up his throne to run an aeroplane garage—or any little business like that.

There are a large number of things that the beginner in seerism may attack aside from those mentioned above, but one of the things



A NEAT TRICK.

COLONEL (1919).—So you lost half your forces in ambush?
LIEUTENANT.—Yes, sir! The enemy rigged up a cannon to look like a moving-picture machine, and the boys just fought for a chance to get in front of it!

PUCK



1910 MODEL.

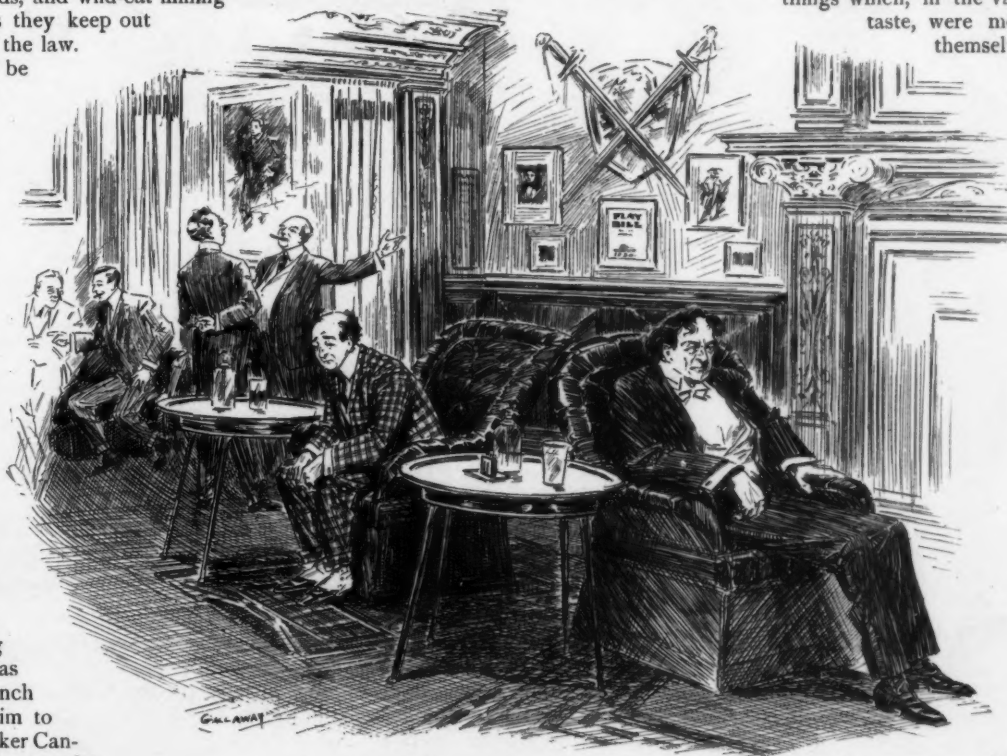
HIS ONE GREAT-A AMBISH.

to be let alone is the End of the World. It stingeth like the honey-bee, because somebody who may have sold his real estate or put on a white ascension robe for the grand upward movement is apt to be disappointed when it fails to materialize, and then most likely he will say cutting and uncharitable things. But anything else under the canopy or elsewhere is safe.

Mine disasters are absolute certainties, wrecks will occur on land and sea and in some well-regulated banks, wars are likely at any minute, and there will be pestilences enough to gladden the heart. Let us note in this connection an epidemic of tetanus soon after July 4, and one of appendicitis following the last Thursday in November.

In general the year 1910 will be propitious for dealers in gold-bricks, green-goods, and wild-cat mining stocks so long as they keep out of the clutches of the law.

Standard Oil will be dissolved a few more times. Persons who are prone to fool with guns that are not loaded, should in 1910 first try it on the cat, unless the cat happens to be a friend of the family. As a rule the country will be at peace, but President Taft may expect internal troubles unless he is careful at banquets. Mayor Gaynor of New York will have interesting experiences such as his life on the bench had not taught him to anticipate. Speaker Cannon will begin to wonder why he did not quit while his reputation was good. As to the profession of authorship, let us say that writers of the best six sellers and Robert W.



AT THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

Here we have two successful actors, a Tragedian and a Comedian, yet both are unhappy. The Tragedian's secret ambition is to make people laugh. The Comedian hopes that some day he will have a play in which he can make people cry.

Chambers may look for prosperity, but must beware of damage suits unless they stick to fiction. Producers of real literature, however, will struggle along as before. Theodore Roosevelt will be nominated for a third term every fifteen minutes.

For the year 1910 there are two exclusive features—the initial appearance of clouds of aeroplanes and of Halley's comet, one of which is to perform by night and the other to give matinee exhibitions, the wind permitting. But the comet will be the one best bet in the dope-sheet of many a seer. And it deserves to be. Halley's comet has made the fortunes of fortune-tellers at regular intervals of seventy-four years ever since the days of Pharaoh Necho's most remote ancestors, and it will help feather the nest of several in the next six months, the modern prophet having the advantage—if he reads the papers—in being able to specify various awful calamities before the comet lights up the sky. Halley's comet will not collide with this terrestrial ball, but it will make a lot of people rejoice that the astrologers were so kind-hearted as to renig on the harrowing incidents they had scheduled. On the whole it looks like a prosperous year for professional prophets, and one of fascinating opportunities for the amateur.

Paul Wright.



SOCIAL STARCH.

STARCH is in many respects the most glaring *faux pas* which science has yet succeeded in fastening on the Creator. Friends of the latter are pretty much at a loss, indeed, to explain why more proteids were n't put into the various

RECKONING WITHOUT HIS HOST.

things which, in the vagaries of human taste, were most likely to get themselves eaten.

There is a redeeming circumstance, however, though of a casual and fortuitous nature. By living on starchy foods almost wholly, Oriental people render themselves easy to bulldoze or civilize. But for this we should conceivably be forced to mind our own business, to the prejudice of Christian progress.

AS USUAL.

THIS WAS heard near the freight depot early in the new year:

"What did you get for Christmas?" asked the Switch of the Railroad Track.

"Oh, another new tie," replied the Track carelessly.

Speech is the power, peculiar to mankind, of mistaking words for ideas.

PUCK

THE LADIES' HOME FRIEND.

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PUBLISHED BY

ROT, PIFFLE & SLUSH.

THE LADIES' HOME FRIEND IS WORST IN ITS CLASS.

It contains every month more pages that have worse than nothing on them than any other magazine published.

SIZED UP.

VISITOR.—How 's Senator Bump from this State?

CITIZEN.—Rotten! A living disgrace to the Commonwealth. He follows the leaders down there at Washington like a little lamb.

VISITOR.—What do you think of the other one, Senator Lump?

CITIZEN.—Obstinate as a mule. The crazy mut insists on blocking every measure they are trying to put through.

VISITOR.—How about your Representative, Gump?

CITIZEN.—Most unstable fellow I ever saw. Can't tell anything about him. Sometimes he's on one side, and sometimes on t' other.



GATHERING NEWS.

REPORTER.—Mr. Ticker just gave me a big scoop on the investigation of his Trust.
EDITOR. Fine! What are his terms?
REPORTER.—As usual. Omit all names, dates, places, and the real facts in the case.

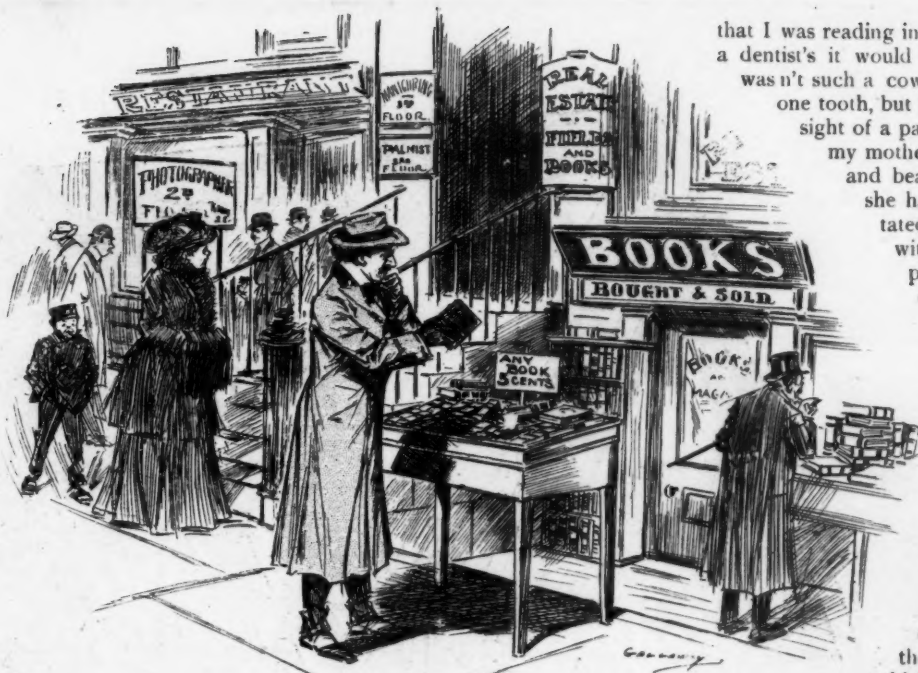
It seems to be only the immoral plays that point a moral.



THE SOCIAL CRITERION.

JONES IS A NOBODY; HE SPEAKS TO EVERYBODY. HIS WIFE IS A SOMEBODY;
SHE SPEAKS TO NOBODY.

PUCK



"SO SOON?"

THE AUTHOR, THE BOOK.

GAS VERSUS GAS.

I SUPPOSE that you will want to take gas before having the tooth out," said Dr. Pullhard to Mrs. Windy as she removed her hat and veil.

"Well, now, that is something I am undecided about.

I hear so many different things about the way gas affects one that — A sister of my husband's was at our house last evening and I told her that I was expecting to have a tooth out to-day, and she said that if she were in my place she would n't have a thing to do with gas. Her husband took gas, and it made him ill for a week, and he said that he knew all that was going on just the same as if he had n't taken it. On the other hand, an aunt of mine told me that she took gas and it did n't make her at all ill, and that she did n't know a thing until it was all over with and the dentist was handing her a glass of water. Then I have heard that sometimes people act silly under the influence of gas and say and do all sorts of silly things, and of course I don't want to do that. I heard not long ago of a lady who took gas and it made her hysterical and out of her head, and of course — Do you give anything besides gas?"

"I could use cocaine or —"

"Oh, I don't want anything to do with cocaine, for I have heard that it is dangerous to take. A friend of mine used it and it made her dreadfully sick, and I know

that I was reading in a paper one day that if one took anything at a dentist's it would better be gas because — Of course if I was n't such a coward I would n't take anything at all for just one tooth, but I am a dreadful physical coward and the very sight of a pair of forceps sets me to screaming. And here my mother was a woman who could just grit her teeth and bear any kind of a pain without a word. Once she had a finger smashed so that it had to be amputated, and do you know she had that finger off without taking a single thing? In those days people did n't use anaesthetics as much as they do now — Oh, I often wonder how in the world people ever had teeth extracted and had surgical operations performed in the days before there were any such things as anaesthetics. You know that it isn't so very many years since ether was discovered, or invented, and how awful it must have been to —"

"Will you take gas?"

"Of course I

want to take

it if you feel

that — Oh,

my heart! I

don't think that

there is really any-

thing the matter with

it, but yet I notice

that when I run up

and down stairs or to

catch a car it palpitates

some, and I was wondering if

that meant that it might not be quite

safe for me to take gas. They say

that people with weak hearts — but of

course mine can't be very weak and yet

heart weakness is such a subtle thing

that — A friend of ours who was a

perfect picture of health and who had

never been ill a day went out one morn-

ing gay and jolly and died on the car go-

ing down town. Heart disease! Was n't

it awful? How true it is that 'In the

midst of life we are in death!' I often

feel that —"

"If you would like to take gas, I —"

"I hardly know what — I tell you:



WELL-CONNECTED

THE MAPLE.—What is the Oak so con-

ceited about?

THE ELM.—He is the original Oak un-

der which Washington stopped in 1776.

THE MAPLE.—But the souvenir fiends

have left him only a blackened stump.

THE ELM.—That's it. He has exten-

sive branches in every city and town in

the country.



IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

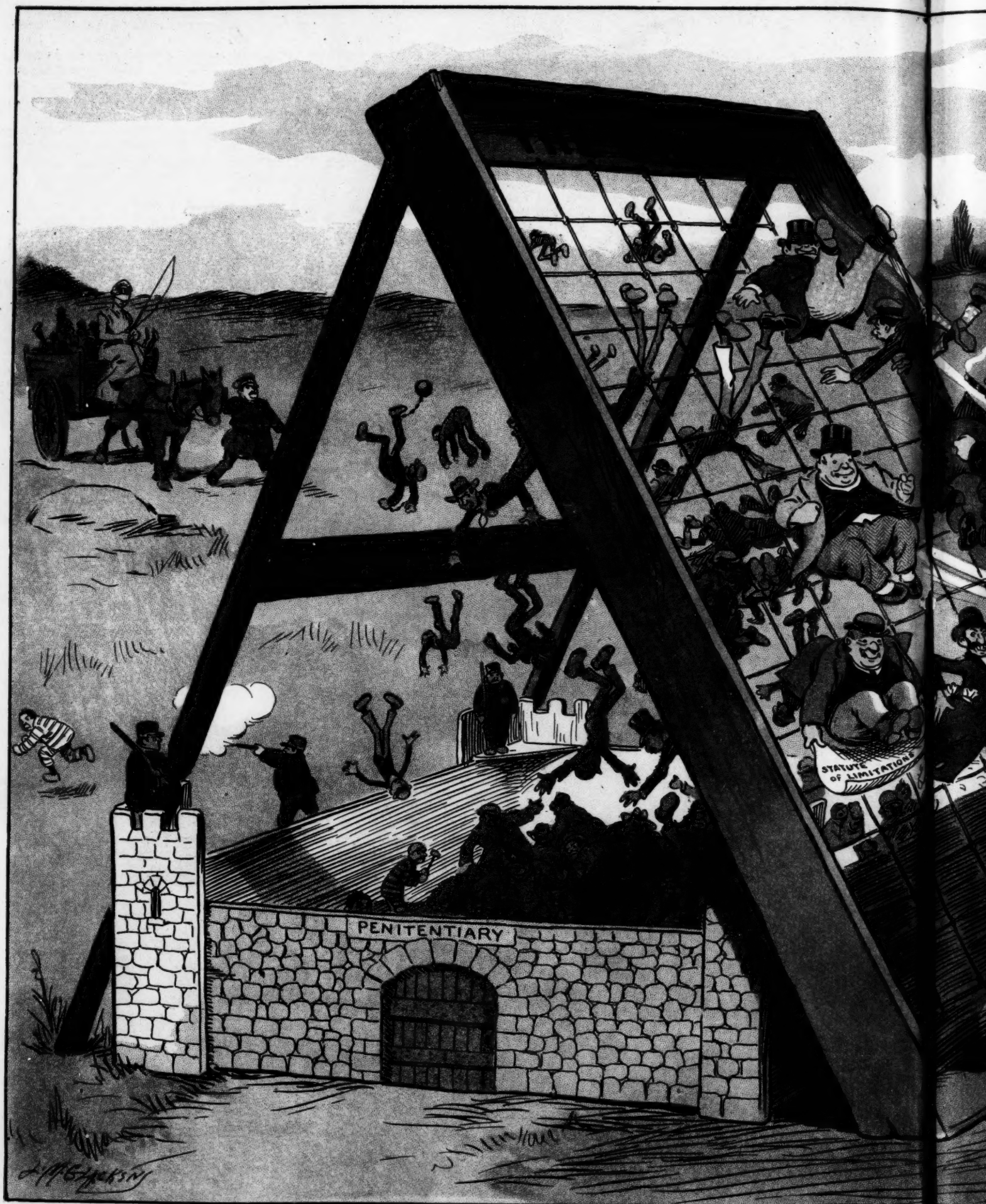
TEMPLE SLAVE.—My lord, the royal cats are in the gravest danger!

HIGH-PRIEST.—Ha! A conspiracy! Why say you so?

SLAVE.—A tourist wearing number-nine sandals hath rented rooms next to the royal temple!

My doctor's office is just a short distance from here. I just believe I will go and ask him what he thinks about it being best for me to take gas. He's been my doctor for years, so he knows all about my heart and if it can stand gas. Of course I naturally want to be on the safe side and—if he says I can take gas I will, only I don't want to have laughing hysterics as some people do or — A lady friend of mine — Oh, you have another patient waiting? Well, I'll not keep you any longer for — I'll be back soon if my doctor — Very well — I really must take something, and — Thank you, and —"

The dentist said something in an undertone that was not quite intelligible as he closed the door, but it sounded like "Lord have mercy on that doctor!" Max Merryman.



THE PUCK PRESS

SIFTING THE DIRT
SOME DAY, PERHAPS, THE SCREEN USE WILL



TING E DIRT.
 E SCREEN USE WILL HAVE A COARSER MESH.

PUCK

COLLEGE IDYL.

"**W**HERE is my Sophomore son to-night—
The child of our tears and fuss?
Does he mathematize on the flight of
light,
Or work at Theocritus?"

"Nay, lady, he's talkin' of next year's
team;
Or watching 'em basketball;
Or calling and chatting with Peaches and Cream
Or smoking a pipe,—that's all;

"Or hazing a Freshman to make him grow;
Or fighting some likely pups;
Or raising a row with a rotten show;
Or running for loving cups;

"And maybe he's writing the Sophomore play;
Or stealing the chapel chimes;
But, lady, you bank on it anyway
That he's having his Time of Times."

Horatio Winslow.

PAVED THE WAY.

THE FATHER.—It was a noble deed, young man, to
plunge into the raging waters after my daughter. I
suppose you realized the awful risk that you were running?

THE HERO (modestly).—Yes, sir. I did, sir.

THE FATHER.—Good. Then you will readily appreciate the
necessity of having a policy in the Skinem Life Insurance Company,
for which I am the chief solicitor.

If the day ever comes when a seat in the Stock Exchange costs
more than a seat in Congress, you can make up your mind that
people are caring more for sordid gain
than they are for good government.



RODNEY THOMPSON

WITH ONE HAND.

**FORMER HORSE-DEALER (to prospective purchaser of
aeroplane).**—It's as easy to manage as a kitten—a child could
drive it!



WHEN WOMEN ARE SUPREME,

PERHAPS MAN WILL INHERIT THE WOMANLY PRIVILEGE OF
BUTTING IN AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE.

REMARKABLE BOY.

WOGGS.—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son.
He must be a very remarkable youth.

BOGGS.—He is. Judging from the papers, I think he is
the only twelve-year-old boy in the country who has n't invented
a perfect wireless telegraph, submarine boat, or aeroplane.

IN RALEIGH'S TIME.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN.—The dealers are afraid this smoking
craze will be short-lived.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN.—You speak rightly, and in
sooth the dealers themselves are killing it. Since the Vir-
ginia Trust got hold of the output they are substituting
inferior stuff for the standard brands that we bought a few
years ago.

DESOLATE.

LAWYER.—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed
and board?

UNCLE EPHRAIM.—Not
'xactly, boss. She dun tuk mah
bed an' bo'd along wif her.

DEFINED.

WILLIE.—Pa, what are
"Conversational
Powers"?

PA.—Oh, any of the South
American Republics.

IMMUNE.

FARMER GRAYNECK.—S'pose
you are goin' to git the
automobile fever, Ezry, like every-
body else?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Nope!
I've been vaccinated in the pocket-
book, and it took.



A LIGHT DIET.

"Golly! But dat smell tastes good!"

It's very gratifying to note that the men who understand both sides of the question
are always on your side.

A New Era in Sanitary Shaving

*Talk it over
with the man
who shaves you*

EVEN your favorite barber, who knows your face and tastes, will do better by you when using this latest addition to the comfort and convenience of modern shaving—

COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER

It makes shaving Cleaner and Quicker.

Its dust-proof and germ-proof container is cleaner than a cup—even your private cup.

And with our Powder, your cup can be washed out completely, as it could n't be with the old soap-cake.

The Powder is cleaner than the soap in your cup, because it never touches brush or skin till it lathers you.

Its shave is cleaner, because it does away with that "mussy" rubbing in the lather with the fingers.

Better too, since it has n't been dried up and washed out with every shave, but is always fresh, rich and lathery.

And quicker, because it saves two operations, the "finger-friction" and making lather in a cup.

Colgate's Shaving Powder shortens the shave and makes it a pleasure. Your barber just sprinkles the brush and works up the lather on your face. That is the proper place to make the lather; for there the brush is *working it in* while it works it *up*, so it softens your beard from the start.

Its lasting, delightful lather gives the softest, smoothest shave of your life.

Q The quickest, cleanest way of making as fine and satisfying a lather as that of our famous Shaving Soap.

Q Eminent bacteriologists have certified that the lather of this Powder acts as a destroyer of any lurking germs that may be collected on the skin or beard.

"I have examined Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder, purchased on the open market, and find it to be notably free from uncombined alkali. It is aseptic and, as used for shaving, it is germicidal."
July 10, 1909.

Hathaway Building, Boston, Mass.

(Signed) FRANK B. GALLIVAN, Ph.D.

COLGATE & CO., Est. 1806, New York, Makers of Colgate's Famous Shaving and Toilet Soaps.

Proast Rad.

Yes, friend,

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

Is the Finest
BEER
Ever Brewed

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz"

Correspondence invited direct

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.
OLD LADY (in a shoe-shop).—Have you felt slippers?
SMALL-BOY ASSISTANT (solemnly).—Yes, madam, many a time!—*Ex.*



THE MODERN MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

—*Lustige Woche.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

PLENTY OF POOR STUFF.

"But do you think," asked the visitor in the local-option town, "that prohibition really prevents?"

"Well," replied the native, "it prevents a fellow from getting the best of whisky, but it doesn't prevent whisky from getting the best of him." —*Catholic Standard.*

FIRST FAIR INVALID.—Which kind of doctor do you prefer—the allopathic or the homeopathic?

SECOND FAIR INVALID.—I prefer the sympathetic. —*Fliegende Blätter.*

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

USE THE
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1
DRUGGISTS.

OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

WHERE SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

"You are an American, and yet you don't believe in free speech. How's that?"

"I'm in the State Department." —*Newark News.*

HOAX.—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man.

JOAX.—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one?

HOAX.—Oh yes.

JOAX.—What make of car does he drive? —*Philadelphia Record.*

"SCIENTISTS have decided that Methuselah was only seventy-nine years old."

"That is more like it. It is absurd to suppose that any man could have lived to the age of 969 years."

"Oh, I don't know—there were no automobiles in those days." —*Houston Post.*

Loads Off the Mind.

This Week: Relief Experienced in Kentucky and Georgia.

EXPLAIN YO'SE'F, TOM P. MORGAN!

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

This is friendly. You may consider it impertinent—but it is not so meant.

Your ducky-dialect man is "off." A nigger never says "Ah" for "I." Let your d.-d. man read up on Unc. Remus, T. Nelson Page, Polk Miller, Frank Stanton, *et al.*

I'm a Yankee who has lived long in the South and know what I'se talkin' 'bout. An' I'se tellin' you de troof, boss, an' it looks likes I'se de onliest man w'at ain't afeard to.

You run a bully paper all right, but you're 'way off on darky dialect.

Atlanta, Ga.

A BOOST FOR OLD DOC. COOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

Why not take the stand that Dr. Cook has done nothing out of the ordinary from a business standpoint—that is, according to the custom of the present age? He has simply lied and made a nice sum of money. United States Senators take an oath to serve their country, or rather look after our country's interest, and instead they look after the interest of the Trusts. There are people who believe they have been fully paid. Take the books that are full of lies: Their authors have made lots of money out of them. Baron Munchausen is still read. Why should not Cook's writings and lectures be placed in the libraries alongside of other noted liars?

Louisville, Ky.

J. R. P.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY

ONE WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.

Billy Emerson, the minstrel, took a company of black-face artists to Australia in the old days, and had hard luck. On the way back he landed at Shanghai and gave a show.

Emerson saw there was a good house. "Doing pretty well," he said to the box-office man.

"Fine," that official replied; "we've got in four hundred dollars in money and fourteen hundred dollars in *chits*."

"In what?" gasped Emerson.

"In *chits*."

"What are *chits*?"

"Why, promises to pay. Everybody uses *chits* here. Give a *chit* and settle at the end of the month."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have let fourteen hundred dollars' worth of seats go for them *chits*, as you call them?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"And those people just signed their names and did n't pay cash?"

"Certainly."

"What a business I could do in the States!" groaned Emerson. —*Saturday Evening Post.*

"BROWN has written a play."

"Is it remarkable in any way?"

"I should say it is. The story of it is actually fit to talk about at home."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' convinces.

Sold all over the world.

THE Keeley Cure

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for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 30 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it! what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?" —*Chicago Record-Herald.*

AN Atlanta man wants to swap a cemetery lot for an automobile. If the proposition were reversed we could better understand it. —*Florida Times-Union.*

"Ah!"

COOK'S

IMPERIAL

EXTRA DRY

CHAMPAGNE

Served Everywhere

"I HEAR, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indade, and she has not! She still uses a flatiron, sor."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"AMERICANS are said to be reckless in their waste of resources."

"Yes; they'll tear up a thirty-dollar feather-bed to tar-and-feather a scalawag that ain't worth thirty cents."—*Kansas City Times*.



ON THE HONEYMOON.

"Oscar, you have let me fall out all alone! Oh, where is your love?"

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

NO WONDER.

MRS. PENMAN.—My husband is always terribly nervous after he has finished writing a story.

MRS. WRIGHT.—Naturally; afraid he won't get any one to buy it, I suppose?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IN THE SANCTUM.

EDITOR.—What, another manuscript?

ASSISTANT.—Yes, "Overheard at the Sewing Circle,"—475 words.

EDITOR.—Nonsense! Return it at once. There must have been many more words than that!—*Lippincott's*.

SMALL CHAP.—Papa, what is the race problem?

PAPA.—Picking winners.—*Columbia Jester*.

"HELLO! What's the knot in your handkerchief for?"

"My husband's gone to the country, and the knot is to remind me that he told me to think of him in his absence."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

MR. CANNON says the Payne Bill is "the best thing Congress has done in fifty years." If that is so, no wonder Roosevelt wanted the Secret Service to investigate Congress.—*Houston Chronicle*.

Half-Seconds with Contributors.

COULD YOU RESIST THIS KINDLY GREETING?

"DEAR FRIEND:

"The enclosed articles are offered you for publication.

"With kindest wishes,

"Truly yours,

"_____,"

THIS REALLY HAPPENED:

"Puck Editet Dear sir Inclosed find one copy of a poun intiteld Atwenty minuts storm. I have obtained from the libeury of congres copy write oface a copy write for the words of this poun. Please informe me how much money you can pay me for promishun to print this poun in your laper A lso informe me how much royeltty you can pay. If your terms is exceptable to me i will send you the copy write later lwate your reply yours truely."

AND SOMETIMES:

"DEAR SIR:

"Seeing the funny side of life, I thought I would send following jokes to you."

WE DIDN'T HAVE ROOM FOR IT.

"I herewith enclose you a little joke which I got off myself on the hotel varandah the other day, if you can use it, you may do so at your usual rates."

THEY WEREN'T.

"Here are a few ticklers."

AND DID WE ACCEPT 'EM? YOU BET!

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

Many thanks for the tips that I get

(For a tip doesn't mean an upset.)

Do these touch the right parts

For satirical darts?

If not, I'll have other ones yet.

(That last is not meant as a threat.)

Checks Like These

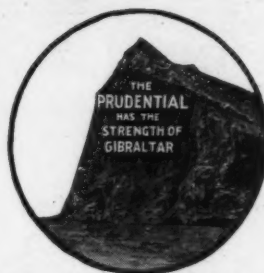
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on sale a handsome photogravure in
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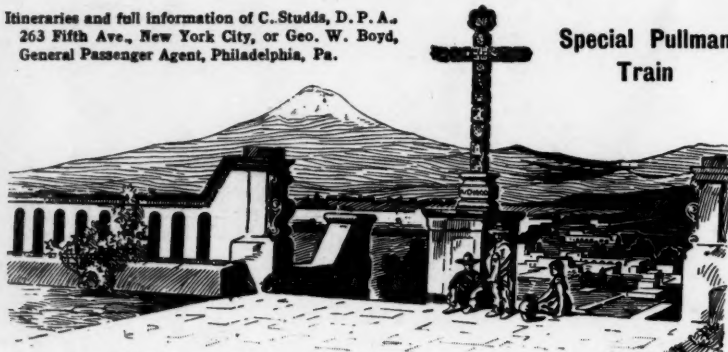
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THE new Washington post-cards have George's picture on one half and his wife's picture on the return card, thus recognizing woman's right to the last word.—*Des Moines Register*.

YOUNG HUSBAND (helping himself a second time). — Bertha, where did you learn to scramble eggs like this?

YOUNG WIFE. — Oh, George, that's a shrimp salad! — *Chicago Tribune*.



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HER MORNING TOILET.

—*Lustige Blätter*.

"WHY are you so bitter against Uncle Nebuchadnezzar?"

"He lost his money shortly after we named the baby for him." — *Pittsburg Post*.



SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

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BOTTLED DELIGHT

Club Cocktails

How many barmade cocktails have you had that were really suited to your taste?

Leave chance-made drinks for those who don't appreciate good liquor and to yourself and your critical friends serve CLUB COCKTAILS. They're infinitely better.

Don't judge these mixed-to-measure joys by any made-by-guesswork drink.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
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SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).

THE POOR DUMB ANIMALS' AMUSEMENT LEAGUE.

—*Punch*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. "Its Purity Has Made It Famous." 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



They're a ripping
good sort of a smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c. AMBASSADOR 35c.
regular size alter-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"



IT'S A LITTLE THING, BUT—

LITTLE things, put together properly, make bigger things. It is in the aggregate of little things that PUCK differs from other humorous papers. Take the little thing of illustrated jokes, for instance. Not long ago PUCK received from one of its regular contributors this dialogue:

THE SOCIAL CRITERION.

Woggs.—Jones is a nobody; he speaks to everybody.
Boggs.—And his wife is a somebody; she speaks to nobody.

Socially speaking, not a bad distinction, is it? Now, as to illustration, here is the commonplace way of doing it—the kind of illustrated humor you see "syndicated" in the daily newspapers:



THE SOCIAL CRITERION.

Woggs.—Jones is a nobody; he speaks to everybody.
Boggs.—And his wife is a somebody; she speaks to nobody.

In other words, the picture does n't help the joke a particle. It does n't illustrate it at all. "Woggs" and "Boggs" might be talking about anything in the universe. There is not the slightest hint in the picture as to what the joke is about. Now the PUCK way is different:

Duck is Out of the Rut.

PUCK illustrates, not words but ideas. As it came to us, the dialogue we have quoted was not worth illustrating. The idea in it was. Woggs and Boggs were banished, and the joke, as illustrated by Gordon Grant, one of PUCK's staff of artists, comes this week to our readers thus:



THE SOCIAL CRITERION.

JONES IS A NOBODY; HE SPEAKS TO EVERYBODY. HIS WIFE IS A SOMEBODY; SHE SPEAKS TO NOBODY.

We make no claim for this jest that it is an epigrammatic wonder; that it is a better joke than you can find in other publications of this sort. We cite it simply to show the PUCK way of illustrating; the PUCK standard of pictorial humor. To be illustrated in PUCK, a joke must have "a picture in it," not a mere excuse for showing Woggs and Boggs talking. Little things, but—

OTHER papers publish what artists bring them. PUCK knows what it wants, and gets a staff artist to draw it.

OUR LETTER FILE.

From Buffalo, N. Y.—"Congratulations on the searching Prayer and the forceful cartoon 'Aim Higher.'"

From Fort Dodge, Iowa.—"Allow me to assure you that I appreciate PUCK, not only its quality, but the stand it has taken on leading problems of the day."

PUCK is to America what Punch is to England. Or, putting it mathematically:

PUCK : AMERICA :: PUNCH : ENGLAND

LOVED TO DEATH.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.



MULTIPLY

THE BEST MATERIAL MONEY CAN BUY BY TIME, PATIENCE, CARE AND EXPERIENCE, ADD PUNY, MATURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR—THE RESULT IS

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RUBBERSET
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—AND THE AUDIENCE.

—Jugend.

AS WE STROLLED ALONG BROADWAY, WE HEARD THESE PEOPLE SAY:*



ACTOR.—No, I will not have a drink with you. Come and have one with me!



MOTORIST.—My dear young lady, pardon me for splashing mud on you. Here's a hundred dollars, if that will be sufficient to replace your gown.



SHOPPER.—Only eighty cents? Why, it should be two dollars at least. You're cheating yourself.



COP.—Certainly I know where Varick Street is. I'll go along and show you. Let me carry your bag, sir.



MR. CLOAKSTEIN.—Now, don't talk business here, Mr. Outertown. Let us examine this exquisite Corot.



CONDUCTOR.—Madam, I regret exceedingly that the motorman did not stop promptly. Pleasant day, isn't it?

H.C. GREENING

*NOT.

